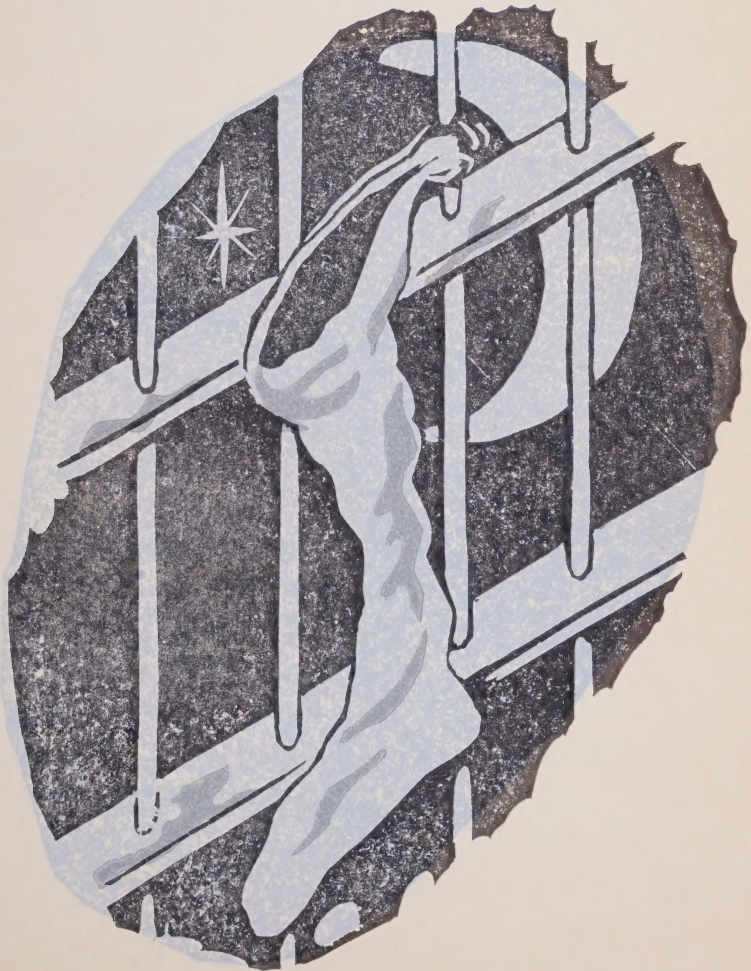


CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY,

LIBRARY

MOUNTAIN ECHOES



Volume 10

December 1960

Number 4

An old fashioned
Merry Christmas
from the staff



l. to r. Rocky Danton, Christy Brown, Don Hambleton.

Mountain Echoes

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EDITOR: Don Hambleton

EDITORIAL BOARD:

Ralph Danton

Christy Brown

J.V.J.

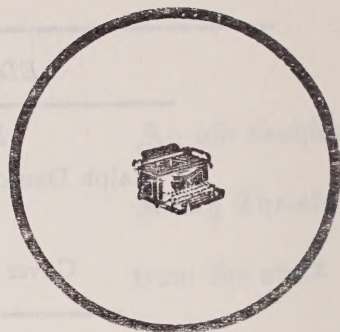
Cover and Illustrations by Danton

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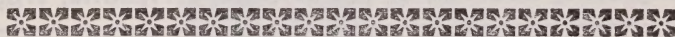
EDITORIAL



Hurry, hurry, hurry, rush, rush, rush: the deadline is fast approaching. That's the Echoes shop at this writing. Christmas is just about here and we would like to see this magazine delivered before that date. With all the designing done by our artist, when finished this magazine should earn the rest of the staff a rest.

Thinking you might like to see what the staff looks like, we have decided to show you. The inside front cover and the inside back cover portray these intellectuals. Say, have you ever seen such a handsome group of men, especially that one on the right? I am still trying to find out what caused the camera to distort those features in the picture at the back. Must be something the matter with the camera, I'll have to ask the staff photographer.

We would like to inform our readers that we have made a New Years resolution. As soon as this fiscal year has ended we will use a better grade of paper and more photographs will be used. Until that time, I would like to wish you all, A Very Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year. To Mom, Dad Vi, Helen, Gord, and Bud and the kids, a Merry Christmas and God Bless you all



A friend of ours got a Christmas present from Ottawa the other day, and I promised to send this message to the fellows in New Westminster for him. "The best to all the guys, Denny, Gerry, Tony, Blackie, and Harvey. Just made a 'Ticket for the first of the year. "Robbie."

Deputy Warden's

Christmas Message

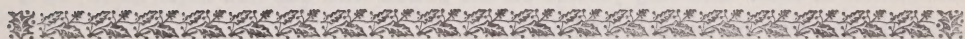
H.J. Wickey

May I again take the opportunity, on behalf of the staff of this institution and myself, of extending to all inmates of Manitoba Penitentiary, our very best wishes for very a Happy Christmas and every success in your endeavors during the coming year.

This past year has been a somewhat trying one, but now with the new trends in the Administration of Penitentiaries, we can all look forward to a better and more interesting future. It is my sincere hope that the spirit of co-operation which has been exhibited during the past year will continue and that the many and varied programmes which are now instituted here will expand and flourish.

On this occasion, let us not forget our loved ones at home; in many instances they are also feeling the pain of separation.

The Editorial Staff of the Mountain Echoes are to be congratulated for the talent and tenacity exhibited in their work, and it is hoped that this spirit will prevail and make 1961 even more successful than 1960.



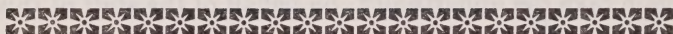
Native

Brotherhood

Banquet

1st. Anniversary

December 4th. 1960



The Native Brotherhood, a group formed by the Indians and Metis serving time here, celebrated its 1st. Anniversary with a testimonial dinner. Prayers were heard in Saulteau, Cree, and English. A pledge to work for the rehabilitation of Indians and Metis in here and a vow to help their people on the outside was repeated by the members.

Chairman Paul Severight, introduced the guests, among them being, Mr. Justice Ralph Maybank; Mr. Alf Grey, Dale Carnegie Sponser; Metro Councillor Darwin Chase; Elman Guttormson, M.L.A., St. George; Det. Insp. Jack Webster; and Mr. James Aiken of the Manitoba Department of Labor.

Praise for the group was extended by all, and Elman Guttormson stated that what he had learned that afternoon would help him to have a better understanding of those in his constituency, in which there are four reservations. John Severight told the meeting that he had buried his tomahawk and his aim was to help supply the leadership his people lack. He added that it was his intention to win the country back from the white man.

As the last speaker of the day, Justice Ralph Maybank told how happy he had been to have had the chance to attend this banquet. In relating his past experiences he told of leaving home at fifteen and working in lumber camps. He became acquainted with an Indian who was a doctor and he expressed his admiration of him. The only justice on the bench who has had experience as a hobo was the way he described himself.

Before closing the meeting, Jim Elk thanked the visitors on behalf of the Brotherhood, for the goodwill they expressed.

R. C. Chaplain's

Christmas Message

Christmas in the Chapel

Father Bedford

Stony Mountain is to see another *first*. For the first time in the history of this institution, inmates will be allowed to invite their near relatives to come to church with them here. It's significance may not be apparent to all, so some kind of commentary will be opportune.

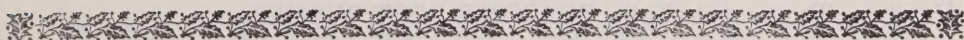
In the past the policy has been to separate inmates from society as completely as possible. The huge walls around this institution are mute testimony to the truth of this statement. Now a new policy seems to be developing, the policy of whitening down this separation and segregation as much as prudence will allow. Witness the increase in correspondence, the permission for more frequent visits from relatives, the pre-release program. And now, we are inaugurating one more item in this *break down the walls* policy — the permission to invite relatives to the chapels for worship in common.

The two Chaplains of this institution who applied for this privilege, felt that a good time to introduce it would be at Christmas. Christmas is a *family feast*, so it was felt that inmates would appreciate having some family contact. What better contact could possibly be devised than meeting with members of the family in the Chapel to worship God. This is what so many millions of Canadians on the outside will do—they will begin the Christmas festivities by worshipping together in Church first.

But why the 18th. of December? Why not have this affair on Christmas Day, the 25th.? The reason is that Christmas is not only a *family day*, it is also a *home day*. People like to stay in their homes then. So we adjusted a bit to meet circumstances, and arranged our Christmas *Community* service a week ahead of time.

It will be a new and welcome experience for the men here to pray side by side with their family at this season, and to listen along with them to the strains of *Silent Night* and *Oh Come All Ye Faithful*.

It is my sincere wish that this new humanizing element about to be introduced will produce the desired effect, that is, bring together the members of the families, separated by a regime hitherto all too hard and rigid, and prevent that drifting apart and eventual break-up which prolonged absence is wont to cause. It is also my sincere wish that this new measure will brighten the whole institution a little more at this Christmas Season.



INSIDE CHATTER



"Tony, the Italian ex-number baron, will now recite for the class a little poem, using the word 'semaphore'.

O.K., Tony, let 'er rip!"

Eefa Sanata Claus

He was ina da pen

On Chris'mus, I'm seta heem free.

So, maybe disa Chris'

When heesa come here,

Heesa do a da 'semaphore' me!

The Spectator

SEASON'S LAMENT: "'S bad 'nuff chewin' shoe leather for Xmas dinner, but you'd figure that blankety-blank chef could at least boil the socks!"

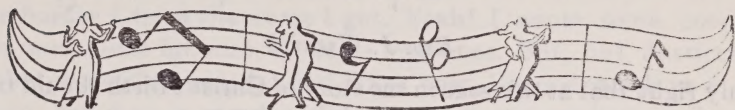
INSIDE GLIMPSES: **Myron Didyck**, the ex-bingo baron sportin' his *first* set of license plates. Welcome to the clan, man. . . A local 'belle' with a *pen*-chant for handholding snared the wrong meathook in the auditorium t'other p m.; uh-huh, you guessed it -- smack dab between the mascara. . . Too bad we couldn't have pool tables installed, seems a shame to waste **Bobby Talbot** . . . **Tony Sawchuck**, 'cording to **Hambone**, is the only con in the joint who can snore in b-flat. . . Words out **Glendenning** isn't too particular who his spar mates are these days. . . **Ozark Whiteley**, back in the fold . . . **Cliff Orr** swears a certain 19th Century antique on M-1 is operating a 'rigged' players pool. Must be something to it, **Kahut** (rhymes with coconut) cackles agreement. . . Wonder what local muggers were thinking when Warden Des-Rosiers flashed that C-note in the auditorium t' other day. (Ah, for a nice dark alley!). . . **Cec Allen**, still trying to decipher those sounds in the Dome made by a man with a lethal eye and a piccadilly accent (wot! wot!). . . **Louie Male** rehashing the 'good old days' with nostalgic reverence, vintage '23. . .

Ray Merasty, "tawn-da-toot-ee-in'in" it all over the oint-jay. Quips Raymond, "That's Merry Christmas in Ukrainian!" (O.K., Paleface, we believe you!). . .

Lefty Newberry wants three items for Xmas; a file, a sub-machine gun, and a target. . . **Reiley** says he'll settle for a bottle of Bingo, a flop at the *Sally Ann* and **Step-and-a-half**. . . **Me?** Mando, a 26 of scotch and that *Old Blonde Magic*. . . To one and all, the SEASON'S BEST WISHES. . .

Deep River Boys

do 'BOFFO'



Getting Hancock's Half Hour under way, **Mr. Hancock** introduced **The Deep River Boys**, who opened the show with their rousing version of "Hallelujah." Their second number of the evening, "Green Fields," received a deafening ovation and to start the feet pattin' again, they gave out with "Darlin' Clementine" a la Bobby Darin, which was very well received, as was "Twilight Time." "Dream Lover" was enthusiastically welcomed by the Rock 'n Rollers, and earned the loudest applause of the evening.

The Deep River Boys featuring **Harry Douglas**, stars **Jim Lundy** tenor, **Al Bishop** bass, and **Ray Durant** pianist and arranger. The group, holding forth at the **Rancho Don Carlos** took time out of a very busy schedule to appear here. **Mr. Gorenstien**, impresario of **The Rancho** was on hand, and this occasion marked the first time this gentleman has visited here, but it is hoped that he will come back in the near future.

For a change of pace, the group did "Someone," and "Sixteen Ton" and then took a brief break while pianist **Ray Durant** played a medley of tunes climaxing in "World is Waiting for the Sunrise." Next the group sang "Lazy River," "St. Louis Blues," and "Charlie Brown" which was embellished with some amusing choreography, and **Al Bishop** with his subterranean low notes, coupled with the antics of the group behind him, cracked the audience up.

The final number of the evening was "Whole World In His Arms" during which in an unprecedented move, **The Deep River Boys**, to the delight of the crowd, came down from the stage and did the number in the aisles. **Christy Brown** then went on stage to thank **The Deep River Boys**, and was in turn invited by **Harry Douglas**, to leave with the group and go to the **Rancho** as the fifth member of the group. **Brown** was willing, the audience was willing, but it was doubtful if the administration would go along with the play. Following the show, the second unprecedented event of the evening occurred; for as the entertainers were leaving the prison, the entire population was waiting in the dome and gave the visitors a rousing ovation which lasted until **Harry Douglas** and his **Deep River Boys**, **Mr. Gorenstien**, and **Mr. and Mrs. Hyde** were out of sight. Thanks to these people, the 21st of November was an evening which will not be soon forgotten by the shut-ins here, for this truly was a wonderful show.



Prot. Chaplain's

Christmas Message

Rev. J. Wizniuk

It is only right that at this season the story of Christ's birth should be told and retold in every country of the world, in the finest palace and the humblest home. In an obscure village, in a remote corner of the world, the Christ-Child was born. It was God's gift to a weary sinful world.

Nineteen centuries have passed, but this Child of Bethlehem still continues to grip the imagination and heart of mankind; his influence is still paramount, his way of life is still impelling, and his promises are still the hope of millions. Kings and kingdoms have come and gone, systems of thought had their day and ceased to be, and man made institutions have perished in the dust, but the Child of Bethlehem is still the only hope of salvation of the human race. His Gospel of love, peace and brotherhood is the creative, redemptive force which He let loose on the world. Truly, no man ever spoke like this man.



The Christmas season will be a time of homecoming, rejoicing, and exchanging of gifts and greetings. In this way we symbolically express our love to God for His unspeakable gift, and proclaim our allegiance to Him who is man's rightful King. There can be no lasting peace in our troubled world until Christ's precepts of love and brotherhood become enshrined in the hearts of human beings.

Let us celebrate Christmas as Christians should, in a common act of devotion to Him who said: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free."

DEAR EDITOR;



I'm layin' in bed thet there other night wide awake 'cause I wuzn't asleep. So I tries to write a centimental poem fer my Xmas letter to you. An' ya know what? The harder I tried the worse I got. Yeah! I wrote some poems, okay. Some short ones, some fat ones, an' some long ones. But, oh! Justice! non of them got thet there Xmas spirit. An! Whoa now, I'm gonna ask ya a question. Okay? Okay. Jest how in gawsh awful moscow does a cowboy go 'bout gettin' some of thet there Xmas spirit in here? HUH? Anyhow, an' back to poems, jest imagin' a Xmas poem thet sez:

Here I sit in the jailhouse,

I ain't got the ghost of a chance;

The future looks BAD!! Should I be glad??!...

I still got the seat in my pants!!!

See what i mean Mr. Editor, somehow, somewhere, somethin' is missin'. Like me it aint got no Xmas spirit.

After givin' the thing careful thought fer which I could spare the time I come to the sure konklusion thet them there Deaf people in Ottawa are suxcessful failures!! An' now they're sayin': "Ya aint seen nothin' yet!" (an' thet's the truest thing they's ever said) an' plannin' to come, mobile yet, tellin' what they're gonna do fer us! Well, one thing's fer sure pardner, we're gonna git some more balonie. An' the only thing thet's left to be seen is if the slices are gonna be thicker or thinner than they wuz the last time. Anyhow, Mr. Editor, I sees where one guy in Ottawa is gettin' smart. An' oh justice, I'm talkin' 'bout thet tenderfoot guy in thet Bureau of Statistiks thet finally discovered what I wuz sayin' would happen when they sent me here: "Births have declined to 40,842 from 42,795"... Hurry up '61, fer gawsh awful sakes, HURRY UP!!

Now buddy, I gotta run, but before I do I wanna wish you an' them tender-foot guys at the ECHOES a nice Xmas an' a nicer New Year, Okay? Okay. Also, to Bud Winters, ex-editor, Randy Villiers, the 17 plus at the Ninette San., all my fateful readers, an' all the gals everywhere — Merry Xmas an' Happy New Year. To Mom, Bertha, Hector, "Mitch", Paul an' Joe — God bless you an' from the bottom of my heart I hope you have Happy Hollidaysan ' a lng Happy Year!. (How I'd like to be at thet there CAMP right now!) An' Oh! Justice! save some of them there spirits 'till '61, Okay? Okay.

Oh yeah! I aint quite 16 today, but I aint far from it, so I'm gonna wish me-self a happy birthday. Okay? Okay. "Happy Birthday, Slipshodi"

See ya 'round pardner, an' be good, huh?

Slipshod Sam.

It Can Only Lead To 'DISASTER'

Bob Horan

The threat of world destruction is greater now than during any other period. With 'A' bombs, 'H' bombs, guided missiles and whatnot, men have within their grasp, enough power to destroy the world. Most people realize this but some of them don't display their knowledge—or perhaps it's just a matter of displaying it irrationally.

In any event, world tension is alarmingly high, but what should cause even more concern is its rate of increase.

The Congo has become a spot where the U.S.A. can condemn Russian policy and vice-versa. There is name-calling on both sides and with each outburst the world's future becomes a bit dimmer. Another unsettled country is Cuba and the two 'great' powers have found reason to argue about Cuba as well. It's dangerous too.

One of these trouble spots could trigger off another world war and—well it's not nice to think about. This planet has survived two world wars but in the next one something has to give.

Realizing the need for a solution, the United Nations called for a general assembly. They undoubtedly hope to ease, at least to some degree, the tension that now exists.

Russia's premier, Nikita Khrushchev, arrived at Long Island to attend the meeting and he received a rather charming reception. A group of longshoremen greeted him with banners bearing insulting remarks. These men shouted their hate for Nikita even after he could hear them no longer.

From the contempt these men showed him upon his arrival, there can be no doubt in Khrushchev's mind. He is not popular with the 'Yanks'—or for that matter, the free world as a whole.

The men who insulted him upon his arrival and those who were rude to him at the meetings never achieved anything good. They just did their part to add to world tension.

Russia is a powerful country and Khrushchev has the backing of this powerhouse. Despite counter arguments, Russia is equipped with some extremely dangerous weapons—weapons capable of destroying whole cities in one single blast. In view of her strength, she should be treated with due respect. To insult her once too often could be a big mistake. In fact it could prove to be the last mistake ever.

Russia has a lot to answer for. For example, in the Hungarian revolution the Russian army shot defenseless people like flies. There are undoubtedly, many more crimes Russia is responsible for, but insulting remarks can not remedy anything. On the other hand they could lead to the greatest crime of all—the destruction of the human race.

I feel that every insult makes a solution that much more complicated. You can't be at peace with a nation if you display a great hatred for it.

I say, either start anew, or hit them where it hurts the most. In any event, quit the name calling. **It can only lead to Disaster.**

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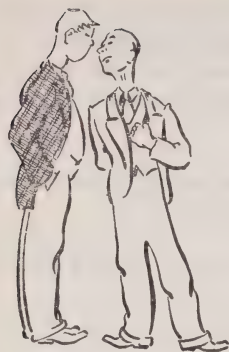
ARE YOU GUILTY?

The Clock

November 1960

- (1) ↳ of ripping or cutting out pages of magazines in order to obtain pin-ups for yourself?
- (2) ↳ of engaging in "horse-play" while others are trying to watch television around you?
- (3) ↳ of making noise long after the lights have been turned out in the cell houses?
- (4) ↳ of criticizing the institution's penal publication without submitting any ideas or articles of your own to help improve it?

These are only four questions taken from the original article but I think there will be a small percentage (very small) who will be able to say **not guilty** to these questions. (*Editor*)



"It Seems To Me...."

Richie Richardson

....that here we are with Xmas again knocking at the door. From all reports Davie Fulton has come to life with some little old gifts for us'ns, namely more time out of our cells, more visits and letters per month. As of the writing of this column there has been nothing happen as of yet. But if the great White Father in Ottawa comes up with these much needed changes, I expect to hear the many exponents of Prison Country Clubs really start to rant and rave. I would think that the best cure for this type of person would be a deuce in one of these "Country Clubs."

....that after Christy Brown's harrowing experience of late, he should be knighted and bestowed upon the title of "Slayer of Rodents." Judging from Johnny's description of the battle, it wasn't a rat, but a prehistoric monster that John faced in mortal combat. By the way Christy, it's not that I wouldn't doubt your description of the deceased animal, but Honest Stan Nash was telling me that it was just an overgrown mouse.

Honest Stan Nash shall be known henceforth as Lyin' Stan Nash. Christy John Brown

....Parole, Parole, where for art thou, Parole?...

....that with Xmas again upon us, I would like to take this opportunity to wish all the members of the Penal Press the merriest Xmas possible and release for all in the New Year.

....an extra special Merry Xmas to my ever lovin' Debbie and Allen. Next Xmas for sure Hon.

....that as I was speaking a little earlier about Rats, I think it only proper to mention the recent deal pulled on the fellows in the Radio Room. Apparently

A LOOK IN THE MIRROR

J. Wannop



For some time, the people of the world have been up in arms over what is fondly being called *the South African deterioration*. We, the distant observers, condemn the South African policy of apartheid and segregation (a policy that says in effect that both coloured and white will live together, but in their togetherness they shall be as enemies). We, the people have called this policy unethical and against the U.N. Bill of Human Rights, and especially against the basic laws of God. This is what is, and has been (in the past) screamed to us through the newspapers of the world. Yet we should not be self-righteous for we have the same prejudices that are in evidence in South Africa. Our thoughts condemn people on account of their colour, religious belief, and mental ability.

First, colour. If a human being is not of the same colour as we are we feel that he is not up to our standards, and so we use them for anything short of slaves. We have felt that if they live within our neighborhood they degrade the neighborhood. We refused to rent them rooms or houses on account of their colour. We degraded them in many, many ways and what did they do in return? Retaliate by force? No, but they tried to show us that they were not what we thought them to be.

We can see them through people such as: in the black race, Carver, who gave the world much in the field of medicine. In the brown race, Ghandi, who gave the world a philosophy that would greatly lessen world problems if put into practice. In the yellow race, there are many. They work in the hospitals of the world, and have long been outstanding in that field. They, the black, brown, and yellow races, have put the christian doctrine of *return good for evil* into practice, and most of them are not of the Christian faith.

Second, creed or religious belief. If a man is not a member of the dominant religious organization or faith of the country in which he resides, he is, in the eyes of the general public a heathen, atheist, or an anarchist. An instance of religious prejudice in a Christian country is where the ruling people have put people into jails and other institutions, or in general ways suppressed them by passing laws which, while not prohibiting them the practice of their religion did retard the growth of the religious movement by coercion. There is to the best of my knowledge only one country in the world which has not been contaminated by the Western thought and which treats *all* religious beliefs as good and equal. That country is Bhutan, which is situated at the base of the highest mountains in the world.

Third, mental ability. There is really no out and out universal prejudice here just personal prejudice, where if a person is of a higher mentality than us our feeling of inferiority comes out and we look upon him as a crackpot, or an evil genius. Again, if a person is of a lower mentality than us we look upon him as

an idiot and our feelings of superiority come out. We feel that we may abuse him and throw him into institutions for the mentally insane and even into jails. Yet there is a little known fact about the subnormal and abnormal human beings, and that is that they have given much to the heritage of Canada in particular and the world in general.

This article is not directed at anyone in particular. We who are behind stone walls and steel bars have our own prejudices. Most of them are like the average person's on the street, but some are different. We, in our artificial society, look down upon our fellow inmate because of his charge, who he is, and what he is, even what he is not. We also look up to them for the same reasons. We have a double standard to judge our fellow inmate just as you on the outside have a double standard by which you judge others.

We should stop and think, not about the person's colour, creed, mental ability, or anything else, but the person himself as being composed of the same materials as we are, born in the same way, and having the same mental make-up and ability, if given the same opportunities of education.

The old saying that there is good in all people just as there is bad is true. We do not see the good only because we do not look for it, and we do not look for it because we want to know what is bad about a person not that which is good for that would spoil our feeling of justified prejudice.

We should look for the good qualities of a person for it is by them we can eliminate prejudice. If everyone accepted a person on what that person's good qualities were this would be a better world and there might not possibly be any disagreements as to resentment, jealousies, prejudice, and intolerance. I do not say that there will be complete bliss and serene understanding, but there will be no dominating thoughts which would, as is evident in our present society, start a war. There must always be those who are poor in monetary wealth, but there need be no animosity between the two as now prevalent.

There may be many solutions to prejudice we might think of. The philosophy of Christ, Ghandi, or many others, but, in my humble opinion the solution may be forthcoming from a few lines of Coleridge's poem, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner".

He prays well, who loves well

Both man and bird and beast.

He prays best, who loves best

All things both great and small;

For the dear Lord who loves us,

He made and loveth all.

FROM UNDER

BROWN'S XMAS TREE

John the Square

Xmas outside is a time of joyous celebration and gift giving. Xmas in here is just another day, garnished with a little more to eat and a movie: So to liven this dreary christmas a little, the following gifts can be found under Brown's Xmas Tree.



Ritchie—a mimeograph machine to run off racing forms. Dave Windsor—a tape recorder. Stan Nash—eight ball players. Harry The Horse—brush 'n comb set. Tony Sawchuk—a girdle. Jack Chisholm—contact lenses or glasses. Ollie (Yap Yap) Barker—**laryngitis**. Huey Long—the ability to carry a tune. Rocky (The Lady Killer) Danton—the inside dope at the **ADANAC!** Larry—a snowplow. Jim (Eyebrows) Reiley—a barrel of musicatel. Jim (hic) Monroe—2 wine glasses. Jerry Desrosiers—a cell change, *or* a vaccum cleaner. My Yankee Political Advisor(who nearly cost me my shirt)—Canadian Citizenship Papers..... (Nixon indeed!) Don (Scoop) Hambleton—an interview with John D. Gerry DeTonnancourt—a 2 month checkup at General Hosp. Lefty Newberry—a gallon of alky. Shwartz—a Yiddish dictionary. Orville Shaw—a beginners bridge book. 'Spike' Watcher—a can of snuff. Ray Merasty—another year in office. Eddy Hashka—a ticket....(1-way to Vancouver) Ivan Brown—a case of Seagrams. Fat Tony Trobec—enough wind to last 5 rounds. Vince Marrese—new year's eve with his Gail. Ken Leishman—a Piper Apache. Harry Condon—handcuffs so's he can't throw sand in umpires faces. Don Moore—goggles to keep the sand out of his eyes. George Turner—a tier where no horse players lock. Cece Allen—something to put in all those empty frames. Lorne Peebles—a hot plate 'n a frying pan. Ken Ducharme—new year's eve with Marg. Bobby Horan—a best seller. Yogi Bear—a spot on the C league-all-stars. Red Saunders—a box of cigars. **EDWARD DONALD MACKAY—THE BRAINS NOT TO PASS, WHEN I ASK 4 NO TRUMPI!** Bobby McKenny—a 6 ft. high stack of comic books. Sully—a copy of Lady Chatterly's Lover. Dale Liebrecht—a real honeymoon. Magoo—a seeing eye dog. Nick (Big Barnsmell) McDonald—employment other than farm work. Monte—the ball commissioners attendance at all of his games. Jerry Huppie—the abil ty to beat Cliff (Dapper) Horsfall at ping pong, just once. Ray Knight—gold false choppers. Cliff (Dapper) Horsfall—subscriptions to all men's fashion magazines. Hop (Gamblin' Man) Davis—a set of **tops** so he can really clean up.

Chipper—a victory over Kiewals in 1961. Lenny Kelly—a ball cap of his own. Hamilton & Adams—a Halibut supper every night of '61. Ray Bonney—nothin' he's got **everything**! Pine Tree—the final score of **all** sporting events **prior** to the games. Stewart—better bridge hands. Roy (Saskatoon Assassin) Williams—his own ball team. Tom Girdle—tennis lessons. George (Personality) Mitchell—new year's eve with a woman; any woman. Jack McKay—someone to tie his shoe laces every morning. Lou Rikter—a hairdressing salon. Moose Nelson & Al Cummings—auditions for Bud Grant. Pack Sack—the ability to hit homers. The Brothers George—a telephone hook-up between cells. Lyin' Baxter—a couple of good hookers. Mitch Herman—a toupe. Ron MacIachlan—a plastic handball bat. Weary Willie Miller—the sense **not** to be an umpire in '61. Bobby McDonald—a K.O. punch in the other hand too. Louie (**Old Folks**) Male—a transfer to Miss Burke's hotel. Don Benstead—all back copies of *Playboy*. I'm tired of him drooling over my Miss July. Jack Wannop—an English dictionary. Paul Severight—another ball point pen. Al Phillips—a spot on a major league team. Sid Gendron—**Lillie's address**. Little Willie Benning—a crack at Pro wrestling. Sabrina—a brand new romance for '61. Rolly Evans—a wheel chair. Kohut—a lunch pail. Jim Elk—100% attendance at future meetings. Frank Lexier—his own cafe. Izzy—another machine to raffle. Yogi Bear—a hat that fits. Cliff Orr—enough luck to win some of his bets. Germaine—at least one of those life bits taken off his back. Serafeu, Ken Bevan, Johnny Hines, Knobby, Teddy Woods, and in fact everybody mentioned above, a **parole**, and the sooner the better! For John The Square—the divorce I've been wanting for the last seven stanzas. For my friends and others on the good side of the wall. Carver Shannon—a trade to the Halifax Halibuts of the Mid-Atlantic League. Harry Jerome—a little humility. Johnny Harris—enough business to put King's Hastings St. Nocturne out of action. Sheila S.—a move into Van. Rick White—a kick in the head.. For Carole & Leslie, Joy & Cy, Patsy & Jim, Margo, Rosie, Pretty Mickey, Anita, Jojo & Pete, Shirley & Eddy, Helen & Rick, Jean & Sonny, Olly & Jimmy, Skinny Lou, Paul Brown, Charlie Blair, Claydean, Betty R., Al Thumbler, Mr. & Mrs. K.C.B., Jerry C. & Gail D., wherever they may be, I hope they they all hit a \$140. G. sweepstake in '61. For our ever faithful readers at the Ninette San, we wish a complete recovery and a speedy release from the hospital. That's all for now, be sure to read next Xmas's....**L-7**.





Insulince — A North Dakota farmer had a hobby that might be called *beverage chemistry*. Hoping to improve his product, he once sent a sample to a Canadian brewery with a request for a scientific analysis. The reply he received was disheartening to say the least, "Dear Sir, This is a bit out of our usual line, but the tests indicate that your horse has diabetes, Cordially, Labatt's Ltd.

New books in the Hour Town library — *Ben Hur* by Christine Jorgenson; *From Here to Eternity* by Wernher von Braun; *The Ugly American* by Boris Karloff; *The Informer* by Walter Winchell; *Kidnapped* by Jake Factor; *Kitty* by Frank Buck; *Brief Encounter* by Ingemar Johanson.

You all Yule (or, *that's* what I like about the South!) — A little boy in Texas wrote to Santa Claus, ". . . and please give me a chemistry set, a choo-choo train and some blocks." Santa came through like a true Texan. On Christmas morning, the little boy received everything he had asked for. Du Pont de Nemours, the Southern Pacific, and Broadway from 48th to 52nd Street.

Beside the still waters — And the artisan of the hills doth gather the fruits and the grains of the earth and layeth them down with tender care in a copper pot. He leadeth the vapors through a thump keg and thereby draweth off the fusel oil which maketh the hangover. Yea verily! His most excellent beverage he doth selleth for two and a half drachmas. Alas, the tax-collectors do seeketh him out and they revile him and curse him and smasheth his still. They persecuteth him and sendeth him to the puzzle factory.

And the rich man who is master of the licensed bottleworks, ah, he seemeth a jackass of a different color. The government doth collecteth his grain for him and they storeth it for him and maketh light of the price when he doth purchaseth it. And he knoweth not whereof the thump keg and useth it not. Yea, and when thou drinkest thou walkest through the valley of the shadow with thy hangover, and evil and misery doth plague thee until thou art anointed with the hair of the dog that bit thee. And *what* payest thou for this devil's brew? Amen, amen, I say to you, thou payest with thy health and no less than eight drachmas. How then is the rich man chastised for his perfidy? Why, they exalteth him and his name is praised in the high places. They heapeth his coffers with gold, his tribe doth increase and his cup runneth over. For the poor is hated even of his own neighbor, but the rich hath many friends.

Glancing through the Penal Press

The Spectator

Pressed for time:

(Exeter, England - UPI) Lawyer Swinton Thomas told a court recently why his client, George Norman, broke out of prison to see a woman: "He wanted to marry her but unfortunately there never was enough time between his jail sentences."

X X X

The Menard Times

Jail Stops Courier:

(Milton, Fla.) Residents wondered why they missed out on mail service one day and then learned Postmaster Joel Adams was serving a 24-hour jail sentence for failing to come to court on a speeding charge.

X X X

Agenda

Let Punishment Fit the Crime:

(Atlanta, Ga.) Roger Orr, 19-year-old high school senior, explained to the judge why he had stolen the same alligator three times from the Atlanta Zoo. "I just love animals," he said.

Judge Webb promptly sentenced him to four consecutive Saturdays of cleaning cages at the zoo.

X X X

The Eye Opener

Bachelor:

A man who believes in life, liberty and the happiness of pursuit.

X X X

Presidio

Such language:

Group Therapy (in the lingo of the prison yard) "A re-wiring session with the Bug Doctor."

Christmas Greetings



West:

To Michael, Rennie, and Jimmy, the best Christmas ever. from J.B.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to Margo Glandfield. See you in Feb. 62

Christmas Greetings to Spook, Scotty and Don at B.C.P., from Dave D.

Flats:

To, Anita Watts in Edmonton, the happiest of New Years. from Johnny.
To, Mom, Dad, Norah, Emily, and Doss, all the best of the Season, See you next year. Love Tom.

To, Mr. & Mrs. Mike Kurach & Family, in Edmonton; and to Mr. & Mrs. John Dartch & Family in Kendersley Sask., from Roy Chudak.

Seasons Greetings to all the boys at P.A., and special greetings to Dodie at Prince Albert, from John McGee.

Compliments of the Season to Dizzy Hunt at P.A., from Al Phillips & Vince Marrese.

To Al Wade and Mayor Don Dodds of P.A., from L7.

Best wishes to Don, Jim & Blackie at P.A., from Dave D.

Seasons Greetings to, Curly Dunlop & Jack McKenzie at P.A., from Jack McKay.

Best of the Season to J. Fieldhouse, from Joe Houle.

The best of the Season to Pete Roski, from Richie.

Local:

A Merry Christmas to Agnes from Gerry who hopes to write in the new year.

Seasons Greetings to Lois and Jim from Cliff with Love.





Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, to my Darling Wife Carol.
Love Dave.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to my Marge, Mom & Dad,
from Kenny Ducharme.

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year to Gail with love from Vince.
Xmas Hello's to Mom, Jean, Fern, Ed, Vicky, Glen, Barbara, and Carol.
from Rocky Danton.

Seasons Greetings to Tex Burns at Headingly, from Al Phillips.

Merry Christmas to JoJo. Love Bill.

Seasons Greetings to Rev. R. Kripps & family at Virden, and to Mr. &
Mrs. E.W. Bunn, Eugene, Elvis and Darlene at Uno, from Clarence.

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year to Alice W., Love Phil.

East

A Happy New Year wish to Adeline Dewhurst, keep your chin up. S.A.
To, Mr. & Mrs. N. Nawagesic & Family at Gull Bay: I wish to extend my
sincere best wishes for a pleasant Christmas, and hope that the New Year
brings renewed happiness to you. Best wishes for a Merry Christmas and
a prosperous New Year, to my Dad, and Aunt Angelic, and Delores. from
James Netemegesic.

Seasons Greetings to, Joe Mattwick, and Gus Constantine at K.P., from
Jerry Huppie.

Christmas Greetings to Bill Parsons at D.P., from R. Hemsworth.

Merry Christmas to Mom and Dad and Family, from Gord. Sullivan.

Greetings to Red, Sarge, and Bill at K.P., from D.D.

Seasons Greetings to Leon Butler, & Bobby Crowley at St. Vincent, and to
Jim McNulty & Johnny Casey at D.P., from Jack McKay.

Seasons Greetings to Ted Ramsey & Billy McIssac at K.P., from Harry.
Compliments of the Season to Ray H., Frank W., Con H., Big Andy & all
the mob. from Teddy.



LONGHORNS TRIUMPH

NELSON COPS SCORING CROWN

S.M.P. FOOTBALL '60

"Rocky" Danton



In an abbreviated pennant race that produced welts, bruises and assorted minor aches, the Longhorns—with **Jerry Huppie** administering the novacaine—triumphed. The big win however, raised few eyebrows. From the outset of the pennant race it was pretty generally conceded that Longhorns "had the horses"; it was simply—the experts felt—a matter of "romping home." Longhorns *did*.

The bulk of interest as a result, centered on the battle for second; and a *battle* it was—right down to the wire.

Penguins, frustrated in the early stages of the campaign found late season opposition virtually duck soup. Accordingly, the **Joe Meccas**-led Birds staged a late season drive that rocketed them from the shadows of the league basement to the sun-lit sanctuary of second; two points in front of joltin' **Joe Hayden's** Buckeye squad. Bucs in turn maintained a similar edge (two points) over the lagging Cobras to collar third, the last and final playoff berth in the 4-team loop.

Cobras, manhandled throughout, gave the ball away too often to pose any serious threat. They died in the cellar.

Starry **Norm Nelson** captured individual honors. The Dogie ace romped for 15 touchdowns during the schedule (a total that more than doubled the output of his closest rival) and virtually carried his mates to the league pennant.

Top Five (League statistician: **Don Hambleton**)

<i>Nelson, Longhorns</i>	15	0	0	90
<i>Girdle, Buckeyes</i>	7	1	0	43
<i>Desrosiers, Cobras</i>	6	0	0	36
<i>Hayden, Buckeyes</i>	4	0	3	27
<i>Paquin, Penguins</i>	4	1	0	25

Penguins, churning along on the passing arm of quarterback **Joe Meccas** crushed out a lop-sided 25-7 win over a hapless Buckeye squad to draw first blood in their two-game total-point semi-final series opener.

The crunching victory gives Penguins an 18-point advantage in the next tilt; and—barring a minor miracle by the beaten Bucs—virtually assures the Birds a shot at the pennant-winning Longhorns in the sudden-death final for the Stone Bowl.

As expected, both teams played it close to the vest in the first half of the game, sticking for the most part to a tight defensive style of play; content to wait for the breaks. The "breaks", it developed, never did materialize. The Penguin offense—*did*.

McLean paced the Penguin onslaught scoring two touchdowns—both on passes. He took a short flip from **Meccas** in the second quarter for a 25-yard pass-and-run score, and a 15-yard touchdown toss from **Roulette** in the fourth. **Cooper** added to the rout by hauling in a **Meccas** aerial late in the final canto.

Two rouges; a convert by **Roulette** plus a couple of hefty singles off the toe of coach **Meccas** rounded out the Penguin barrage.

Bucs lone counter was tallied by **Marrese**.

The second round of the semi-finals, a bruising affair that ended in a 6-6 stalemate, saw the Buckeyes bow out of playoff contention, their hopes shelved for the '60 campaign. The tie—coupled with their 25-7 loss in the opener—proved a mite short of the necessary quota. Hence, the premature exit.

Penguins on the other hand now move into the league final—a sudden-death affair that pits them against the pennant-winning Longhorns. The prize? The *STONE BOWL* and a seat at the banquet table.

Displaying the same brand of thunder that carried them to the league pennant, the free-wheeling Longhorns pounded out a thrilling 30-21 victory over a spirited Penguin squad to capture the Stone Bowl—the mythical mug emblematic of football supremacy in the Concrete Conference.

Jerry Huppie, a perennial winner in local sporting circles, had his Steers geared for mayhem in this one. And from the opening whistle, had his club literally "tearing up the grit-iron."

Quarterback **Al Cummings** led the stampede. The Dogie pivot reeled off a tremendous first-half bombardment that saw his club rocket to a commanding 24-2 lead.

Precision passing proved the Longhorns major forte; and aided by the sure-handed catches of receivers **Norm Nelson** and **Sid Gendron**, they repeatedly ripped gaping holes in the Penguin defense.

Visibly shaken but apparently undaunted the floundering Birds clawed back. Not, however, until the final quarter did their efforts prove effective. When it *did*, it was in a manner comparable to the Longhorn outburst—abrupt and explosive.

McLean lit the fuse followed closely by **Paguin** and playing coach **Joe Meccas**. The latter pair, back-to-back counters in the dying minutes. The belated burst sliced the Dogie margin considerably. But—not quite enough. Before Penguins could muster more missiles, the clock ran out. And that—as the man says—was the old ball game.

Sid Gendron, a Cobra cast-off, counted 3 majors for the Steers while scoring champ **Norm Nelson** registered a pair—one on a sensational one-handed grab late in the second quarter. **Cummings** threaded the needle on all of them.

Appreciation is extended to the various officials who handled the games and in particular, **Larry**, who did a bang-up job in his capacity as boss-man of "Mayhem Inc."

A NEW TREND

D. Degnegard

Recently, a new recreation program was introduced here. This gives us more time out of our cells and a chance to participate in more sports. We have Basketball, Volleyball, Darts and Ping Pong. Here is a rundown on the setup as it now stands.

BASKETBALL: Here we have four 'A' league teams participating in a schedule that calls for one game each night. A 'B' league has been set up so those who want to play but are just beginners can practice. The 'A' league coaches usually help out by showing these novices the finer points of the game. Only an hour and a half is allowed this game each night as they have to share the floor with the Volleyball teams.

VOLLEYBALL: Two courts are used for this sport and sometimes it will get a little mixed up. The ball from one court may be knocked over to the other and the participants won't know if they're knocking their own ball over the net or not. Four teams are on the floor at one time and they are allowed forty-five minutes before another four take place. The schedule for this must be very difficult.

DARTS: At present there are eight boards and a tournament is being held. Entered are twenty-one two-man teams. The schedule is set up so that each team plays a total of one hundred and five games. Each team plays the other teams five times. This activity seems to be getting a good deal of interest.

PING PONG; With only two tables at their disposal, there are only a limited number of players participating. A tournament is now in progress and the competition is keen. As time passes though, we hope that these facilities will be extended.



A
good luck
sign

for a
happy
new year



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